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OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. IV.] NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1827. [NO. 174.

Miscellany.

[FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR.]

THE WIDOW'S SON,

OR

THE STORY OF A BROTHER-IN-LAW

By the Author of "Tales for Leisure Hours."

I have so knit his story with my own,
That you may almost call it mine—our lives
Were so inseparable. THE ALCHYMIST.

IT was one of those dark wet disagreeable evenings, which are so often experienced in England, when a travelling carriage drove up to the inn, at which I had but a short time previously arrived. I was rejoiced to perceive the probability of having a companion at the supper table, (for I had been at the inn long enough to discover I was the only guest,) as of all solitudes, none appeared to me more wearisome that loneliness in a tavern, and more especially loneliness at a meal. But I was disappointed: it is true, the passenger alighted from the vehicle, and entered the apartment where I was seated. He was a man whom I judged had numbered from twenty-three to twenty-five years in life: his figure elegant, his face possessing every requsite of manly beauty; in general, his personal attractions were such as necessarily must have excited admiration, as I subsequetly discovered his virtues, and mental acquirement could not fail to inspire the sincerest esteem.

On entering the apartment, he bowed gracefully to me, and inquired "how far distant was the village of Lansford."

Not being able to give him the desired information, I rang the bell, and the landlord answering the summons, informed the stranger that the distance was about ten miles.

"I must reach there to night," said the gentleman; "it is long since I have greeted the home of my childhood, and the greeting of home, is a gratification too delightful to be longer delayed."

With this observation, he again bowed, and left the apartment; and from the window to which I had almost unconciously drawn my chair, I beheld him enter the carriage, in which, as it drove by, I caught the glimpse of a female, and with increased curiosity watched the vehicle until it was out of view, and then listened until the rattling of the wheels became fainter and fainter, and nothing was heard except the rain making its noisy pattering against the window panes.

I felt a deep interest in that stranger, from the moment I first beheld him. I was certain that he was the hero of some highly interesting and romantic tale; and a warm imagination, not likely to be chilled by solitude, made him the chief character in various dramas. All of them, however, widely different from that in which my visit to Lansford found he had been a busy actor.

Yes, I went to Lansford. I retired to bed on the night I first beheld the stranger, and dreamed of him. When I awoke, my first recollection was of him: and determined, if possible, to discover who he was. I paid my tavern bill, and rode to Lansford.

It was the first time I had visited that delightful village, which has ever since been my home. Every cottage shone in beauty, every countenance smiled in cheerfulness; and when I entered the place, I seemed a participant in the surrounding contentment, and calmness stole over my feelings like the first breathings of spring upon the cold earth. My first endeavor was to discover the stranger, but in vain! The first day of my sojournment in Lansford, was spent in useless inquiry: on the evening of the second, I saw him, and I shall never forget his altered appearance—never forget that internal grief, that blightedness of hope which his countenance evinced. This sudden alteration in his appearance, shocked me; it was like the searing of a noble plant by a sudden and unexpected tempest.

When I saw him, it was in a funeral procession which passed the cottage in which I had taken up my abode. He, and a young lady whom he supported, appeared to be the chief mourners; although all that attended in the train, seemed sincere participaters in the sorrow that death had created.

"Who is that," I inquired of the cottager's daughter with whom I boarded, "he that is supporting the lady?"

"They are her son and daughter, sir," replied the girl.

"Whose son and daughter?" I again inquired.

"The widow Melbourne's," answered the girl. "He only came home from the Indies, two nights since; but his good mother was already dying, and he got home but a short time before her death.

I determined on the succeeding morning to visit the cottage of Melbourne; having in answer to a note which I addressed to him, received his permission to do so. I went there: the cottage was the most beautiful that adorned the village. It had the appearance of cheerfulness, of comfort that seemed to oppose the *approach* of sorrow, much less its *entrance* into such an abode. It wore externally the very garb of happiness. The snowy whiteness of the building, the rich greenness of the woodbine that grew around it, and the smiling fertility of the garden which adjoined it, all delighted the eye, and pleased the senses; but still, sorrow was within!

The door was opened by a servant, who evidently bore a share of the prevailing affliction. She conducted me in silence to the sitting room—the furniture of which was neat, though plain. Young Melbourne was seated on a couch—the head of his afflicted and lovely sister, was pillowed upon his bosom; and near him sat a lady in mourning, whom he introduced to me as his wife.

"I feel indebted to you, my dear sir, for this visit," said Melbourne, "You cannot imagine how the heart in affliction is soothed by the slightest evidence of sympathy."

I replied, "that not to sympathise with him, would have been impossible;" and assured him of "my readiness and desire to do all that possibly could be done, to lighten his sorrow."

Melbourne shook his head mournfully; and brushing the tears from his fine dark eyes, said—

"You cannot revive the hopes that have been blighted, nor pluck from my mind the thorns which sorrow has planted there."

He then whispered to his sister, and apologizing for momentary absence, led her from the room, accompanied by his wife, and in a few minutes returned alone.

When we were again seated, Melbourne told me the story of his life. There was no romance in it, but there never was a narrative of more real interest to me. I never listened to one that so touched my heart, as did that of Charles Melbourne's.

The mother of Charles Melbourne, was the widow of an officer who fell in the service of his country; leaving two children, the hero of this humble tale, and his sister of whom I have before spoken.

Mrs. Melbourne, upon the loss of her husband, hired the cottage in Lansford, where she removed with her children, her son being then in the tenth year of his age, and her daughter but two years his junior. She continued to regulate and instruct the minds of her children, until Charles attained the fourteeth year of his age, when a brother of his father, proposed to take him to India, under his protection; and the fond mother, forseeing that innumerable advantages might accrue therefrom to her darling boy, conquered every other consideration, and she surrendered him to the guardianship of his uncle.

In the glowing pictures which the youthful fancy ever paints, Charles beheld his life one bright scene of happiness. In the delight of a ride to London, and the novelty of an embarkation, Charles forgot his sorrow at parting from his beloved mother and darling sister, and he only thought of his home, to picture the joy which would prevail when he should return, enabled to render it all that his love or ambition could desire. Charles left London, with his uncle; his young life, animated with hope, and delighted with the novelty of all he beheld. The gallant vessel was soon at sea, where the heart of the young is filled with emotions of mingled character, now throbbing short and fitfully, when the spirit of awe is upon it—now quickly, lightly, joyously, when a feeling of admiration inspires it. Charles gazed upon,

"The glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form,
Grasps itself in tempests,"

and shuddered, when the thought came across his mind, of how many slept beneath "where fathom line had never reached;" but, when he saw the golden dolphin play with the waves, and the setting sun sink smilingly in the purple ocean, admiration and delight banished every other feeling, and they sailed on swiftly and safely to the port of their destination.

It should have been told that the uncle of Charles was a bachelor, and a merchant of extensive wealth and business: that he had previously resided in India, and his attachment to the country was such, that he determined there to spend the remainder of his days. When they arrived there, Charles was placed under the care of an English tutor, who resided in the family of a gentleman, whose attachment, like that of Mr. Melbourne's had induced him to reside in India.

The intelligence and beauty of young Melbourne, naturally rendered him exceedingly dear to his guardian, who looked upon him as a fond father would upon a son; with feelings of pride mingled with those of affliction: Charles, in the midst of all his enjoyments, (for he had no wish ungratified,) forgot not his home: he wrote frequently and affectionately to his mother and sister, and embodied in language those imaginative scenes of future happiness which ever were present in his mental eye.

He arrived at that age when young men love, or fancy that they love some fair bright girl. The daughter of Mr. Lifton, the gentleman in whose family the tutor of Charles resided, and where he was a frequent visiter, was a lovely girl, in the gay happy age of eighteen—a bright brunette, with laughing black eyes, a beautiful mouth and light kind heart, and possessing every attraction to win the soul of love. Such was the first the only love of Charles Melbourne—the first and only being to whom his warm heart ever taunted with a lover's devotedness. Poets have sung of first love, and romancers have written of it, and have attempted to describe it; but they cannot—they cannot by any language describe those gentle, fearing, hoping feelings of the heart, when first it loves; they defy description, as they baffle explanation; it is as vain as the attempt would be to give the painting of a lovely flower the fragrance which Nature bestows upon the reality.

With the heiress of Mr. Lifton, a union was exceedingly desirable, and the uncle of Charles did all in his power to promote it. But Mr. Lifton had higher views for his daughter; and although the wealth of Charles would be equal to that of his child, and his virtues and respectability were freely acknowledged, still he was not the individual whom he would select for his son-in-law. But Celia thought him all that woman need wish; and she at once said, (for she was an only and much indulged child,) "that she never would consent to be the wife of any other than Charles Melbourne."

Her father still opposed this determination, and told her that he never would sanction such a union.

"I have a titled husband for you Celia," said he, "with whom you shall shine at court young, wealthy, handsome eyes, as handsome as Charles Melbourne."

To prevent the further increase of of affection, Mr. Lifton requested Charles to discontinue his visits; but this measure tendered rather to its increase than diminution.

Charles had now attained the twenty second year of his life; and by the sudden and unexpected death of his uncle, became the possessor of an extensive fortune. He felt a strong desire to return to his family; but to part from Celia; was a stuggle he feared to encounter. He addressed a note to her father, intreating his consent, and was again repulsed.

He at length succeeding in effecting an interview with Celia; and having prevailed upon her to consent to a clandestine union, embarked with his lovely bride for England, where he arrived after a prosperous voyage, and immediately hastened to Lansford, which he reached only in time to close the eyes of his adored mother.

The old lady had suffered for a considerable length of time under the affliction of a pulmonary complaint; and perhaps it was only the expectancy of her son, and the hope of beholding him ere she died, that kept the vital spark glowing until his arrival. She knew him notwithstanding the alteration from youth to manhood. There is a certain indefinable feeling, which prompts the soul of a mother to leap joyously to her offspring, a feeling that never proves deceptive. it would be in vain to attempt portraying the anguish of Charles Melbourne. He had returned in the hope of rendering the declining years of his mother happy—her illness had never been communicated to him: he thought to erase from her mind the memory of former sorrow, and repay her in his manhood for her faithful guardianship of his infancy. These hopes had been sadly and unexpectedly destroyed, and it was long ere he recovered from the shock.

When he concluded his narrative, I endeavored to console him. I reminded him of the claims his wife and sister had upon his care, and exhorted him to cheer up and keep alive his energy.

"True sir," he replied, "I am not insensible to their high and dear claims; but for them the weight of my affliction would have been insupportable."

We were here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed him that a gentleman was in the adjoining apartment who was anxious to see him.

"I am not in spirits to receive company," said Charles.

"He says his business is urgent, sir," returned the servant, "that it effects your happiness."

"Strange," rejoined Charles, "but show him in."

In obedience to his request the man left the room, and soon ushered in a respectable looking gentleman about fifty years of age.

On entering the apartment, Charles arose, and cried in astonishment—

"No, Mr. Lifton! can it be possible?"

"Yes, even so, Charles," replied his father-in-law, (for it was he,) "I have come, not for the purpose of taking a wife from you, though you took a daughter from me; but to spend the remaining portion of my days in my native land, and unless you say otherwise, with you." "Say otherwise? impossible," returned Charles, "this kindness—"

"no more boy—no more," interrupted Mr. Lifton. "On the very day of your departure from Calcutta, I discovered that the dog of a nobleman I intended for Celia, had a wife living in London. At first I thought of shooting him; and then hanging myself; but I afterwards thought it would be wiser to instruct my agent to sell off and remit to me; and as one of the company's vessels was ready to sail, follow and forgive you, as you see I have done. But where—where is Celia?

"She is with my sister," answered Charles, "soothing and consoling her, as she has soothed and consoled me in our affliction."

"Affliction?" reiterated Mr. Lifton, "why what has happened?"

Charles told him of his mother's death and I observed the cheerful old man brush from his eyelids the tears that gave evidence of his feeling heart.

"Cheer up lad, cheer up," said he, "all yet will be bright with you. You see I have come in to lighten your sorrows, like a—pshaw! I am a bad one at similes, but I am here to do all I can to make you happy; so bring Celia to me, and your sister likewise, if she will see a stranger now."

Charles left the room, and soon returned with his wife, who received the embrace and blessing of her father, in a manner which evinced how sensible she was of his affection. Emily Melbourne, was soon after introduced to Mr. Lifton, with whom she at once became a favorite.

I remained with this interesting family the whole of that day, and on the next I purchased a cottage, in which I still reside with my wife. And who is she? my readers, (if I have any,) will inquire. Not disposing to leave this portion of my narrative in mystery, I will tell them at once it was Emily Melbourne *that was*. It did not require a long acquaintance with her to make me love her, and she soon loved me: why—perhaps she could tell, if she *would*, far better than I can. Certain it is, I am a very happy man, and so is Charles Melbourne, who resides near me, his father-in-law, being a member of his domestic circle. We are all happy light hearted beings, and our children evince in their love for each other, that they inherit the same feelings that unite their parents soul to soul. Long may we so conntinue.

There is not a cloud in the sky of our existence—it is clear, calm, beautiful. Contentment has spread her white wings over our dwelling, and her sister virtue shines in our cottages, cloudless, serene and happy as our lives.

[FROM THE GEORGIA COURIER.]

We always loved the Old Rifleman, "Natty," of the Pioneers, and will water his grave with our tears, if we ever visit the western wilderness, where his bones rest in peace, far from the "settlements." It is not because we love a gun ourselves, or would have been proud of being the legatees of his long Carabine, but because we see illustrated in him, that acuteness of intelligence and knowledge of the character and habits of animals, which can be gained alone by the hunter's life. The hunter loses half his pleasure, and all the real profit of his amusement, who is blind to all the instinct of the brute creation, and does not discover in the more perfect animals strong evidences even of a more rational intelligence. A knowledge of the facts which give evidence of reason in the brute creation, constitute the hunter. It enables him to effect his object in killing his game, and with respect to animals of prey, furnishes him with the means of escaping their rapacity.

We remember to have leaned on the knee of a good old Whig, while he amused our boyhood with the advantage he once derived from his knowledge of the character and habits of so stupid an animal as the hog. At the period of the Revolutionary war, in some parts of the country the fortune of many individuals consisted in large stocks of cattle and hogs. Old Garvin was of this number, and had a fine stock of hogs in particular. The tories kept so strict a watch for the old Whig, that he had to visit his home by stealth, and never slept at night for many months but in the woods. The fall approached, and every thing appearing pretty quiet, Gavin ventured on spending more of his time at home, and among other necessary arrangements got up his "killing hogs," and put them in a pen to fatten. But Gavin had hardly began to dream quietly under his own roof, before a party of 40 or 50 tories surrounded his house and made him prisoner. They copelled him to take his fine fat hogs from the pen; and toll them to their camping ground, 4 or 5 miles. There another pen was made in the woods; the hogs safely enclosed; and old Gavin strictly guarded. However, as after night sentinels were placed all round the encampment, it was not thought necessary to tie the prisoner, or otherwise abridge the use of his locomotive powers. As the fires died away towards midnight, the drowsy eyes of the tories were closed in sleep, except the sentinels who paced round the camp at a distance of 150 or 200 yards from their sleeping comrades. At this time Gavin planned his escape. He got on his hands and feet and approached the hog-pen with some caution at first, and at last in such a manner as to arrest the attention of some of the more watchful hogs, who would raise their heads slightly, and grunt as if aware every thing was not right, but were uncertain that it was. Old Gavin then returned, and after the lapse of 15 or 20 minutes, he assumes the same attitude, and approaches the pen at a pretty brisk trot, and when he had got within 10 or 12 steps, he uttered the hogs note of alarm, *Book*. This roused the whole gang, who repeated the note with many variations. The old man then returned to his bed of leaves, and when they had become somewhat quiet, he walked *erect* to the pen a third time, and raising the corner made a *slip gap*, but without laying down the rails. He then went back and approached the side opposite the gap in the same posture as at first, and by crying, booh-oh, boo-oh, and trotting fiercely up to the pen, he got the hogs into a perfect rage. When their alarm had subsided in some measure, he went back and slipped out the rails, making a considerable opening for the exit of the captives. He then again approached the pen *on all fours*, as at first, but brisker, and crying at every jump boo-oh; boo-oh, boo-oh. The hogs burst through the opening and ran off as fast as they could, all crying boo-oh, boo-oh, and old Gavin reached the gap just time enough to take his stand by the side of an old sow, who had probably been the mother of two thirds of the gang. They took an even start; and the old man says it was the hardest race he ever had to keep up with that old sow, *on all fours*. He passed all the sentinels in safety, who mistook him for a real four-footed grunter.

"SHE HAS FINISHED HER EDUCATION."

Do you observe that young lady with a compressed shape—an enormous French hat—a superabundance of chains, bracelets, crosses, golden hearts, &c. &c. mincing her steps through Broadway? "*She has finished her education.*" Observe Miss Prissy with her hair *en papilate*, her slippers slip shod, her calico morning gown unhooked, her eyes half closed, and her mouth in the sulks, slide to the breakfast table at 9 o'clock. "*She has finished her education.*" See that young lady lolling on the bed and crying over a novel. "*She has also finished her education.*" Only mark the fine, bold, independant air which Miss Dashaway puts on as she sails through the drawing rooms—a nod to one—a smile to another—Harry how de do, when do you marry? Bless us a quadrille. Bennett play "Go to the devil and shake yourself." "Engaged sir, for the next six cotillions." "*She has likewise finished her education.*" Observe that young lady at the piano, thrumming the march in the Freychutz and squalling out of all tune and harmony, *una voche*, or "Love was once a little boy." "*She also has finished her education.*"

The fact is, that young ladies at the present day finish their education before

they have actually commenced. The mistake the mere elementary and introductory part of their education for the commencement, when, in fact, the commencement may be dated from that period when mind and faculty develope themselves and embrace in a comprehensive manner, all the details and items of early instruction, giving to each, force, stability and finish.

It is before the flower puts forth its genial buds, that it is taken from the parent stalk, and though admired and caressed for a time, it soon withers.

The Liverpool Albion, in noticing this subject remarks

"There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge, that "*finished* her education," by leaving peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and the mother of six children. She plays well upon the piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does, put all the children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table, the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grandmother's pantry—and her coffee—O! her coffee!—it would cost her her head, if the very scent of it reached the Grand Turk's palace—and yet the lady has "*finished* her education.—*Noah.*

A SLICE OF WEDDING CAKE.

Some musing Jacques, now, might richly moralize upon a slice of wedding cake. Tis a fit emblem of married life. It is made up of a great many ingredients of opposite qualities, either of which alone, would be dry, bitter, insipid, sour, or cloying; the excellence of the compound depending altogether upon a judicious and happy admixture of the whole. The flour: that is the every day concerns of life,—these would tire and become dry and flat, but for the *sweets;*—the pleasures, amusements and endearments—these too would cloy, but for the *sour*—the cares, vexations, the labor and exertions of married life, which call in exercise the better qualities of mutual forbearance, perseverance and self-control, and fit us to partake of the sweets as a dessert in the courses of happiness, with a good relish, instead of sickening by making a whole meal of them. The *fruits* explain themselves. They are sweet or bitter precisely as they are trained and prepared by those who make up this matrimonial compound. The *gilding* and decorations of the cake, are emblematic of the consequence that wealth, equipage, show and dash, attach to a married pair. These are well enough in their place, but are made to attract the eye and not to gratify the taste. The cake looks better for them, but it tastes no better, its *kernel* is no sweeter, and when it comes to be sliced up for *use*, the gaudy trappings are thrown away, as the less estimable portion of it. Perhaps too, beneath the very gilding that decorates some gay leaf, you may find a little worm that is preparing to despoil it of all its verdure. Even the most inferior ingredient of the whole, the flour, is more substantial, and adapted to infinitely more uses and comforts than the gilded leaf. So, though wealth serves to ornament and decorate, married life, it is least to be relied on for furnishing the means of happiness. It may add, if judiciously employed, to the enjoyments that depend upon the heart; temper, congeniality, principle and attachment, but without these it only serves to render misery more conspicuous—tis like a gold plate upon a splendid coffin, brave without, but within is decay, and all that disgusts.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

LEVI LINCOLN,

Governor of the

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

A PROCLAMATION,

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

In the rich enjoyment of the blessings of public tranquillity, of health, and the abundance of the harvests, the People of this Commonwealth have passed through another revolution of the Seasons, and, in devout contemplations of the goodness of a divine and merciful Benefactor, who has sustained and nourished and loaded them with benefits, their hearts will be elevated to acknowledgments of gratitude, and animated to fervent ascriptions of adoration and praise.

To afford opportunity, at the accustomed period of the year, for an united expression of these sentiments and feelings of pious joy, I have thought fit, with the advice and consent of the Council, to set apart THURSDAY, *the twenty-ninth day of November next*, to be observed as a Religious Festival of THANKSGIVING, throughout the Commonwealth. And I invite the People of every Christian denomination, to repair, on that day, to the houses dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, there to commemorate the signal mercies of his providence, in the preservation of their lives, and in the multiplied circumstances of comfort and happiness with which they are enjoyed:—To recognise the divine superintendance, in the Peace and Prosperity of the Nation; in the security of the institutions of Popular Government: in the indulgence of the rights of conscience; in the diffusion of the means of instruction and knowledge, and in the cultivation and improvement of civil and social relations:—To rejoice that charity and philanthropy are engaged in the relief of the afflicted, intelligence and moral virtue in vindicating the rights of the oppressed, and that the spirit of Christianity is in exercise, to communicate the influence of the Gospel to the ignorant and vicious of the whole earth.—And truly and deeply sensible of our dependence upon the grace and mercy of God, may we seek, by resolutions of devoted obedience to his will, by penitence for sin, and by supplication and prayer, the continuence of his favor;—humbly commending ourselves, in our individual interests and wants, and in all our associations with Society, Government, and Country, to his future protection and blessing.

The People of the Commonwealth are requested to abstain from whatever is inconsistent with the appropriate observance of the occasion.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and the fifty second of the independence of the United States of America.

LEVI LINCOLN.

By his Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of Council.

EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

STAGE ACCIDENT.—The mail stage from Amherst, N. H. was overturned in Burlington on Tuesday last, in consequence of the horses suddenly starting on one side, in an unequal part of the road. The stage had proceeded but a few rods from Reed's tavern, where the passengers had dined, before the accident happened. There were ten passengers, three of whom were females, and all but one received some injury. The driver had his right arm broken, and his head very much bruised, the blood flowing freely from his nose and ears. No blame whatever attaches to the driver.

VIRGINIA COTTON.—The Petersburg Intelligencer gives a statement of the quantity of cotton shipped for twelve months last past, from that port, amounting to 36,780 bales.

WARNING TO BOYS.—In the Boston Police Court last week, three lads of 12 or 14 years of age, were convicted of breaking into the dwelling house of William D. Sohier, Esq. and taking therefrom various articles, such as spoons, knives, &c. They were severally sentenced to imprisonment.

At a review, on Monday last, in Reboboth, a laughable mistake *is said* to have taken place in the manœuvres of a company of cavalry. The commander in ordering his men to mount, inadvertently bade them "place the right foot in the stirrup;" and then the consequence was that they all found themselves seated *with their faces towards the tails of the horses they rode!* And before the officer could correct the error, one sergeant had actually wheeled his men, telling them they were about to escort the reviewing officers, "*left in front.*"—*Warren Star.*

DISCOVERIES OF HERCULANEUM.—Several discoveries of considerable interest have been made within the few past months in the ruins of Herculaneum.—Among them is the house of a barber, including his shop, &c. The utensils employed by him in his occupation were in excellent preservation, as well as the bench on which his customers used to seat themselves while waiting to take their turns; with the stove, and several pins used by ladies to confine their hair.

NEW ORLEANS.—In an election of an Alderman for the first Ward in N. Orleans, Sept 3, Mr. Alexander Phillips, the Administration candidate, had 132 votes, Mr. John G. Greeves, the Jackson candidate, 59. There are only 250 voters in the Ward—20 Adams men of the Ward are absent from the city, and 10 others did not come to the polls.

N. O. Argus.

CONCORD, Mass. Oct. 6.

We understand that counterfeit bills of the Smithfield Bank, R. I. and of one of the Boston Banks, have been sent into circulation within a few days by an experienced hand. Several warrants are now out for the rogue. It is conjectured from some suspicious circumstances that several old friends who had formerly contracted an intimacy in the Charlestown stone-house, have been making this town a place of meeting preparatory to carrying on extensive business in their line.

The Hon. John Sargent, a friend to the National Administration, has been elected to Congress in Philadelphia, by a majority of 257 over Mr. Hemphill, another popular and respectable gentleman, who was supported by the friends of Gen. Jackson. No other Jackson candidate would, probably, have had so many votes.—*N. E. Palladium.*

SOUTHWICKIANA!—We shall have to take out a commission, "*de lunatico inquirendo,*" against our friend Solomon Southwick. He has discovered that there were about *one thousand original* conspirators in the abduction of Morgan. Originality being quite a rare thing, we are quite astounded to learn there is so much of it in our state. Solomon is still in the field, with "harness on his back," against masonry. He avows his determination neither to give or take quarter—aut Solomon aut masonry—one or the other must fall. He has altogether forgotten the proverb of his great namesake, "seest thou a man *wise in his own conceit!* there is more hope of a fool than of him!"

If Solomon would confine his mighty wrath to the supposed or real (nothing as yet proved) murderers of Morgan, it would be all very proper—but it is really ridiculous to see him butting his nose against every Masonic Hall in the world. His nose probably has the worst of it. *N. Y. M. Courier.*

FAYETTE, (Missouri,) Sept. 13.

We have heard of several instances where the *over heated* Jacksonians have given Mr. Buchanan's letter a very *warm* reception. One gentleman, we understand, (who wishes to be a leader for the Hero) declared, upon reading it, that Buchanan had been *bribed* by Mr. Clay or his friends, thus to deny the General's charge. Another said Maj. Eaton would give Buchanan the lie. Another declared, upon hearing its contents, that Buchanan had better mind what he was about, or he would get his *d—d throat cut.* These gentleman, to whom we allude, are among the most intelligent, though (as their expressions will show) violent and whole going friends the Hero has in our part of the country—while our friend across the square, the Observer, and the redoubtable Duff Green, have labored, until they have "bled at every pore," to shew their less informed brethren that all is well, and that every thing is *proved.* It is an up-hill business—the majority of Jackson's friends here, although they wish to do so, cannot believe them.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—Mr. Lewis Babcock, a watch maker at Ware Factory Village, has constructed a machine of brass, of about 18 inches high and 10 inches wide, which has the power of winding itself up once in five minutes by means of a spring lever, that falls instantly, without diminishing or retarding the power of the machine. When put together, it commences motion immediately, without any starting cause, and moves a pendulum at about the same rate of a clock pendulum. We are informed that it has now been running about five weeks incessantly, and several distinguished mechanics, who have seen it, say that they see no reason to hinder its running *perpetually*, until it is worn out. The ingenious inventor intends taking it to Washington the approaching winter.—*Springfield Rep.*

NORFOLK, Oct. 11.

SHOCKING DISASTER.—The brig Guatemela Packet, Chasteau, nine days from Havana, in ballast, of and bound for Baltimore, arrived in Hampton roads yesterday afternoon. From Captain Chasteau, who was brought up to town last evening, we learn the following distressing particulars of his being run foul of, in a heavy gale, by a Spanish brig, which, there is every reason to believe, *went down, with all hands on board*, amounting to upwards of *fifty* souls!

On her arrival off the Capes, the G. P. was compelled to wait nearly 24 hours for a pilot, when she took one (a Mr. Howard) from the pilot-boat Constellation, at 4, P. M. on Tuesday, at which time it was blowing a gale from S. S. E. About 9, P. M. whilst under a heavy press of sail, off Smith's Island, in 4 fathoms water, orders were given to put the brig about, and notwithstanding the sea was running very high, she stayed; when she had payed off and was about to fill away, the pilot took the helm. The Spanish brig *Amigos*, formerly the *Highflyer*, of New-Orleans, had been passed by the G. P. about half an hour previous to her heaving in stays, and was then under her lee. The pilot thinking he could pass her to windward, luffed the G. P. and she was taken aback, when the Spanish brig was hailed, and desired to keep away, having then more than sufficient room for that purpose—instead of doing so, she luffed up and struck the G. P. stem on, on the larboard beam, which careened her so much as to throw all hands to leeward, crushing every thing before her.

In this dreadful situation both vessels remained, thumping with shocking violence. The crew of the G. P. expecting her to sink, every moment, jumped on board the Amigos, but Capt. C. hearing the cries of the crew of the A. that her bow was stove in, and that she was sinking, called out to his men to return on board their own vessel; the order was immediately obeyed, and himself, the mate and crew, succeeded in getting once more on board the G. P. They then began to cut away the rigging, in order to clear themselves from the Amigos, and filling away the topsail and foretopmast staysail, she payed off and got clear of the A. The G. P. then hauled up to the Eastward, with such sails as were not torn to pieces, having, it is supposed, left on board the A. Mr. Howard, the pilot; a Spanish gentleman, passenger; and one of her crew. Capt. C. remained all night at sea, with the injured side of his vessel to leeward, in order to haul off.

A tremendous sea running, and the anchors of the Amigos having dropped from her bows, with the chain cables bent, she was thus brought to anchor, and lights were seen on her deck until one o'clock, A. M. when she disappeared, and it is supposed must have *sunk*, as the G. P. passed the spot after daylight (having taken another pilot from the Constellation) without seeing any thing of her.

Capt. C. states that he heard the heart-rending cries of the Spanish crew for more than an hour, without any ability to render them even the smallest assistance, and that, whilst he remained on board the Amigos, they seemed so entirely paralyzed by the danger of their situation, as to be scarcely capable of making an effort for the preservation of their lives and the vessel.

WEST INDIA NEGRO WHIP.—One of these tremendous instruments of exaction and torture, has during the last week, been put into our hands. The lash is six feet three inches long, its diameter at the large end is full 5 inches, from this it gradually diminishes in size to the other extremity; the thong is composed of a large size whipcord well knotted. The handle is 2 feet 4 inches long, and is formed of a species of cane, the upper part of which, for about one half the length has been split into pieces the size of small cord, being admirably calculated by its elasticity to give full effect to the terrific lash. Its whole appearance is most appalling, and would excite feelings of strong indignation in this country, if exercised even on a brute. This whip, we understand, is brought from a Dutch colony; but from the description given of those in use in our own colonies, we may fairly presume they are not less powerful.

North. Dev. Journ.

DEDHAM, Oct. 18.

DEATH BY SUFFOCATION.—Mr. Edward H. Adams, merchant, of Boston, had been residing in this town, at Alden's Hotel, a day or two, partly for amusement and partly to enjoy the pure air of the country. The circumstances attending the sudden exit of this man are melancholy and distressing. On Friday evening last he retired to bed, in usual health, in a small, tight chamber, without fire-place, and in which he left two lamps burning, when sleep overtook him, but whether by design or not is not known. He was discovered by a maid domestic on Saturday about noon. On opening his door she was met by a thick body of smoke, that much alarmed her, together with a faint groan from the unfortunate man. The family were called, who found him lying on his back in bed, speechless and senseless. Medical aid was instantly called, and hopes for some time were entertained of his being resusitated. But, after three hours constant application, he expired. Before removing him into fresh air, his nostrils and throat appeared furred up with the lamp effluvia, similar in degree to the flue of a chimney. The curtains also of his bed were black by the same ingredient. No doubt is entertained, whatever his habits were, but this was the cause of his death. The circumstance ought to be a sufficient caution to those who are in the habit of burning candles and lamps in their rooms during their sleeping hours, without suitable ventilators, as an open door, fireplace, window, &c. Indeed, it is injurious to lodge in closely confined rooms, especially with more than one person, without any lights. Lodging-rooms, as well as beds, ought to be well aired every day.

Register.

ZANESVILLE, (Ohio,) Oct. 6.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCES.—A young gentleman of the name of Bliss, son of Dr. Bliss of Salt Creek, was violently thrown from his horse a few miles from this place, while returning from the military parade, on Friday evening the 28th ult. and so badly injured, that he remained speechless until the next morning, when he expired. Another gentleman, going in another direction from the same muster, was also severely and dangerously injured in the same manner. The above cases are sufficiently melancholy; but what we have further to relate, is distressing beyond description. On Wednesday last, Mrs. Slack, wife of Mr. Jacob Slack, who lives about four miles from this place, in Washington township, in a fit of insanity, *killed three of her own children!* She cut their throats with a razor; and afterwards cut her own. The wound inflicted on herself, did not prove immediately fatal. Whether she will recover or not remains uncertain. The oldest child killed, (a daughter,) was we understand about 11 years old. The next three years old and the youngest 6 months. The unfortunate woman has repeatedly shown symptoms of insanity, and some years ago attempted to commit suicide.

CURIOUS CHANGE OF NAMES.—The following singular application is made to the Legislature of Tennesse, now in session:—

"Mr. M'Gabee introduced a bill to alter the name of *Susannah* Cremer, to *William* Cremer, which was read the first time, and passed. [The petitioner had been considered a woman, had worn female clothes upwards of 20 years, and had gone by a female name. In 1825, petitioner changed his *habits*, went to Virginia, married a wife, and is now living in Green county.]

The following were among the toasts given at the anniversary dinner of the Worcester Agricultural Society:

Manufactures.—Dependant for support on Agriculture—they well repay that support by increasing the markets of the farmer.

The great farm with its twenty-four inclosures.—May a portion of its profits be annually applied to a more direct intercourse among the proprietors—in facilities to the mansion and conveyances to market.

The remnant of the yeomanry of the revolution.—Who stood by their country in an hour when "the boldest held in his breath," their country should stand by them when it needs not their support.

Fashion.—The *best fashion of farmers* which brings *the best farmers into fashion.*

Old Bachelors! Better luck to them! peradventure *they may work—but they don't work it right.*

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1827.

MR. SPALDING ROBINSON, *Merchant*, at *Dover*, is our agent. Persons in that vicinity who wish to subscribe for the OBSERVER, can make application to him, and he will attend to them punctually.

GEN. JACKSON.—We insert to-day a communication in favor of Gen. Jackson. We detest, as much as any person, the conflict of parties, and their "relentless rage." That Gen. Jackson is deserving of praise, we do not deny, and are ever ready to give him all the honor that he deserves, as a military man; but we do not, as yet, believe him to be the "best man" for our next President.

List of votes in York District for Representative to Congress, whole number 4259. Rufus Mc'Intire had 2174, and is chosen. John Holmes had 1932.

In Somerset and Penobscot, whole number 3615. Samuel Butman had 1926, and is chosen. Isaac Hodsdon had 1427.

Since the last Presidential election, it has been asserted and believed by some, that certain influential individuals have come to the determination to "*improve*" some of the presses already established and to set up others which should be under the control of those who were engaged and pledged to put down the present Administration "*right or wrong.*" In order to effect their object, several old presses have been bought up, and new ones established, and if their views were not at first so clearly manifested, yet as far as the characters of the individuals were concerned; it has been known that they were opposed to Mr. Adams, and in many instances in favor of Gen. Jackson. Among establishments of the former, in this State, is the *Eastern Republican*, a paper published in Bangor, by NATHANIEL HAYNES, Esq. and owned by a number of individuals in that County, who are of the "genuine stamp." We insert below the articles of agreement of the parties for the benefit of others in similar circumstances, and also that our readers may understand some of the management adopted by individuals in order "*to publish a paper which should advocate democratic principles.*"

Articles of agreement, made, concluded, and entered into, this fifth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, witness as follows, viz.

First. The parties whose names are hereunto signed, hereby agree to enter into Copartnership, and form themselves into a company, for the purpose of printing, and publishing at Bangor, in the County of Penobscot, and State of Maine, a weekly newspaper called the Eastern Republican, and to share alike in the profit and loss arising from the publication of said newspaper, according to the dividends and assessments, by the committee of accounts from time to time declared thereon; in proportion to the amount of stock owned by each of said parties.

Second. Twelve hundred dollars shall constitute the capital stock of said company, and be divided into two hundred and forty shares; and no individual shall subscribe for more than twenty shares until the Treasurer and Agent shall find it otherwise impracticable to fill up the amount of the aforesaid capital stock.

Third. The parties aforesaid hereby appoint Gen. Isaac Hodsdon, Treasurer of said company; and it shall be his duty to assist the agent in procuring subscriptions to the stock of said company, to issue certificates therefor, countersigned by his own signature and that of the Agent; to receive securities therefor, and collect moneys thereon to keep an accurate account of the debts and credits of said company, with a full record of the appropriations, disbursements, assessments, dividends and allowances, from time to time made by the committee of accounts, and with the Agent to sign all securities needful in conducting the publication of said paper.

Fourth. The aforesaid parties hereby appoint Joseph Kelsey, Jonathan Knowles, Wm. R. Lowney, Isaac Jarvis

Alden Nickerson, Joshua Carpenter, Reuben Bartlett, James Holmes and Gorham Parks a Committee of Accounts for said Company, with power, at all times, to examine the books of the Treasurer and Agent, to pass upon and audit their accounts with the Company, to declare dividends and make assessments, and exercise a superintendance over the finances and fiscal concerns of said Company; any three of whom on due notice to all, shall form a quorum for business.

Fifth. The parties aforesaid hereby constitute Nathaniel Haynes, of Bangor, their agent and Editor of the aforesaid newspaper; and it shall be his duty to publish and edit the same; to keep an accurate account of the names of subscribers, and of the debts and credits of said paper; to settle its bills from time to time; to sign with the treasurer of said Company such securities as may be required in the management of their concerns; and whenever required by the Committee of Accounts or the Treasurer, to make an exhibit of the condition of the funds of said Company, and with the Treasurer thereof, to sign certificates of stock, and assist him in procuring subscriptions therefor, and do and perform all things incumbent upon the Editor and publisher of a newspaper.

Sixth. The aforesaid Company, as such, hereby covenant and agree with the aforesaid Treasurer, and Agent and Editor, to indemnify and save them harmless, in their individual capacities, against all liabilities they may incur in the discharge of their before mentioned trusts.

Seventh. There shall be at least two meetings in a year of the stockholders in said Company, to be holden in Bangor, during the two sessions of the Supreme Court, for the County of Penobscot, and notified by the Treasurer and Agent; when the Committee of Accounts shall present to the Company a true account of its finances, means of support, and whatever pertains to its concerns.

Eighth. The aforesaid Company hereby covenant with Nathaniel Haynes, to purchase of him, at the price of seven hundred dollars, to be paid to his satisfaction by their aforesaid Treasurer, the printing press, type, &c. of the Eastern Republican, according to a bill of sale and schedule executed to him on the fifth day of June, Anno Domini, 1827, by Ezra S. Brewster; and in further consideration therefor, the aforesaid parties agree with said Haynes, that the certificates of Stock in said Company shall not be transferable to any but parties to this instrument, and that the right of preemption to said Stock, when offered for sale, shall vest in said Haynes and his assigns.

Ninth. The parties aforesaid hereby appoint, that there shall be a meeting of said Company whenever a majority of the Republican Committee for the County of Penobscot, shall deem it expedient, and signify the same to the Treasurer and Agent, whose duty it shall be to notify the same; and a majority of the votes given individually by the parties aforesaid, at a meeting so holden as aforesaid, shall control the Editor and direct the course to be pursued by said Newspapers in such political affairs and County questions, as at said meeting may be acted upon and determined.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, the day and year before mentioned.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

No person has ever arrived to eminence, or attained a distinguished rank in life, without witnessing the relentless rage of party spirit, and the wanton attacks on private character. But if there is any thing that can disgrace civil society, it is this spirit of indiscriminate and wanton slander. A spirit the vilest with which any nation can be curst—And yet this spirit exists, it exists amongst us. It pervades the whole extent of our country, once preeminent for every social virtue. It insinuates itself into the cottage of the peasant. It enters, I had almost said resides, in the mansion of the great. It is cherished by every party, it moves in every circle. It hovers round the sacred altar of mercy. It approaches the awful Seat of Justice. In a word, it surrounds us on every side, and on every side it breathes forth its pestilential vapor, blasting talents and virtue, and reducing like the grave, whose pestiferous influence it imitates, the great, and the good, and the ignoble, and the vile to the same degrading level. Humiliating indeed it is, to every generous mind, to view the schemes devised by base and unprincipled calumniators, to defame the character of those who have contributed most to the glory of our country. We have viewed with regret the services of our illustrious Jefferson and Madison, and their worthy cotemporaries ungratefully rewarded by the vilest aspersions of aspiring demagogues. We now witness the same ruthless attempts that are made to divest of all its greatness, the name of Andrew Jackson. But encircled as he is, with slander the most foul, and abuse, at which humanity would revolt and demons blush to disseminate—with ingratitude stalking with its shameless effrontery, he stands proverbially this nation's great benefactor. Amidst persecutions so foul, so revolting, why stays the uplifted arm of vengeance? Why slumbers the just resentment of retributory justice. To trace the source from whence originates this dense cloud of invenomed reprehension, you have only to raise the veil from covered villainy and you expose to view Federalism in all its hideous native deformity. But the missive shafts of envy and malice fall regardless at his feet. Like a rock in the midst of the ocean, firmly resting upon its eternal basis, he remains serene and unmoved, though exposed to all the buffetings of surrounding billows. The unprincipled and licentious may attempt to obliterate his fame, but so identified is the character of Jackson with that of our country and its republican institutions, that their efforts will prove to them, and to the world, to be irrelevant and unavailing. With the plaudits of grateful millions his name will be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen, when his marbled monument shall have mouldered in the dust.

MONTICELLO.

MARRIED,

In this town, by the Rev. Henry A. Merrill, NATHAN A. BRADBURY, *M. D.* to MISS ELIZA MILLETT, both of this town.

[With the above notice we received a slice of the *wedding cake.* The united pair have our best wishes that the bonds of matrimony may to them prove as made of silken cords; that their path of life may be strewed with flowers, and that in plucking the rose, they may ever avoid the thorn.

In Hebron, by the Rev. Joseph Walker, DOCT. SOLOMON P. CUSHMAM of Brunswick, to MISS HARRIET, daughter of Hon. W. C. WHITNEY, of Hebron.

In Seneca Co. N. Y. on the 13th of Sept. after a long and tedious courtship of about 25 years, Mr *Gilbert Honeywell*, of Locke, to Miss *Polly Ewer*, of Scipio.

Gilbert woo'd Polly for many a year;
At length he obtained his own dearest dear.
It was not for his cows, his sheep, or his money,
That Polly lov'd Gilbert—no she always lov'd *Honey.*

A happier couple perhaps you ha'n't seen;
She's handsome and sprightly as girls at 18.
Why such long delay I surely can't tell;
She always lov'd Honey—she loved *Honeywell.*

At Lunenburg, N. S. George Wolfe, aged 82 years, to Miss Barbara Hahm, aged 73 years; after a courtship of nearly 50 *years.*

DIED,

In Portland, on the 22d ult. Rev. Edward Payson, D. D.

In Watertown, Mass. Horatio, aged 2 years and 10 months, child of Rev. Russell Streeter, recently of Portland.

"Sleep tender form, thy race is run,
And pain shall rend thy heart no more;
Thy life's brief journeying is done,
For thou hast reach'd a peaceful shore."

In Paris, Mr. Nicholas Chesley, aged 76.

In Gloucester, Thankful, child of Mrs. Nancy Roberts, aged 3 years. Mrs. Roberts had gone into one of the neighboring houses for a few moments, leaving the little sufferer and a brother of 5 years of age at home, when she was informed that her child was burnt to death. The boy said the fire was communicated to her clothes from the hearth, and that they endeavored to extinguish it, but not succeeding, she ran out of the house in search of water, but had not proceeded but a few yards before she fell, her clothes being in an entire flame, which suffocated her.

In Twinsburg, Portage County, Ohio, on the 21st September, *Moses and Aaron Wilcox*, aged about 50. They as we are informed were twin brothers, born in Connecticut, they were married on the same day, their wives being sisters; they hoped to have experienced religion on the same day, and attached themselves to the same church and on the same day; they engaged in mercantile business together, at Middleton, and failed together; from thence they removed and settled themselves, together, in this State, at a place which from them derived the name of Twinsburgh; they were taken sick on the same day, continued sick the same length of time;—they died the same day, and were buried in the same grave, and have left to their bereaved children the same rich inheritance of an unsullied moral and christian character. The singular identity which pervaded the character of these men, and the events of their lives manifested itself no less in their persons. During their youth and middle age, so nearly did they resemble each other as to challenge the most discriminating eye to distinguish them. Employed in the early part of their lives, in the neighborhood of each other, as school teachers, they were wont occasionally to change schools, and always without detection, on the part of the scholars, of the change. What reader of this, as he passes through Twinsburgh, will not think of the Twins?—*Clearland Herald.*

In Franklin county, Ky. Mr. William Keller, aged about 45 years. This gentleman was remarkable for excessive corpulence, which rapidly increased upon him for several years, and finally caused his death. During the last year of his life, he increased in weight upwards of 150 pounds; 582 pounds, was found to be his weight three or 4 weeks before his death. His height was about 6 feet.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Vendue, at the *Store* of ENOCH CORDWELL, in Greenwood, on Friday the THIRTIETH day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity of redemption, which ARTEMAS FELT has in and to the homestead farm on which he now lives, in said Greenwood, the same having been previously attached on the original writ;—it being the same land conveyed to James Riggs, by mortgage deed, bearing date October 5th, Anno Domini 1822, and recorded in the registry of deeds for said County, book 22d, Page 98, to secure the payment of three hundred dollars and interest, from said fifth day of October, reference to said record, being had for a more particular description, unless previously redeemed.

DANIEL HOLT *Deputy Sheriff.*

Greenwood, Oct. 25th, 1827.

SAMUEL MOODY,
Attorney at Law,

HAS OPENED AN OFFICE IN LISBON.

FALL & WINTER GOODS.
JEREMIAH DOW.

At No. 5, MUSSEY'S ROW, MIDDLE-STREET,

HAS just received a valuable assortment of **BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,** of different colors and qualities, from 3 | 9 to 7,50 per yard.

Sattinetts; Flannels; Bockings; Rose Blankets; Camblets; Plaids; Bombazetts; 3-4 and 5-4 Bombazines; Crapes; Silks; Pongees; Norwich Crapes; Italian do.; Silk, Cassimere and Valentia Shawls and Mantles; Swansdown, Valentia, Silk and Velvet Vestings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Gloves; Flag and Bandanna Handkerchiefs; Palereans; Fancy Handkerchiefs; Calicoes; Furnitures; Cambrics; Muslins; Linens; Lawns; Linen Damask; Linen Cambrics; Laces; Edgings and Insertings.

—*ALSO*—

An extensive assortment of

Domestic GOODS,

SUCH AS

Shirtings & Sheetings---
TICKINGS, YARNS,
BATTING, &c. &c.

All of which, together with most articles usually kept in the dry goods line; being recently purchased, will afford all those who are in pursuit of good Goods and good bargains, a choice selection and well worthy the attention of the purchasers.

Portland, Oct. 24, 1827. 8w 174

NEW & FASHIONABLE GOODS,

SUITABLE for the Autumn and Winter season, are opening for sale by

JOSEPH HARROD.

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Superior, Fine and common

BROAD CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES;

Swansdown; Toilenette; Silk and Velvet Vestings; Ladies Habit and Pelisse Cloths: Grecian and Lions Skin Coating; Blue Flushing; Drab and Olive Duffils; Green, Gray and fig'd Bocking; Superior Black Merino Bombazine; 5-4 black, white and Maroon Bombazines; Worsted Bombazine and Bombazette; Rob Roy, Scotch, Norwich, and Tartan PLAID.; Real Goats Hair, imitation and common Camblet; black and blue Silk Velvet; black, white, green and brown Tabby Velvet; superior and fine black Levantine; black Sinchaw, Sarsnette and Taffeta Silk; black and colored Gros de Naples Silk; Slate Pongee; black, white and scarlet

MERINO SHAWLS AND MANTLES;

Valencia; Raw Silk and Brocade Shawls; Calicoes; Ginghams; Cambrics; Muslins; 3-4 and 4-4 colored Cambric; 4-4 Soft dress'd Linen; black and brown Linen; Russia Sheeting, Flanels; Serges; Baizes and Bocking; Gentlemen and Ladies Worsted Hose in great variety; Ladies Silk, Kid, Horse Skin and Beaver Gloves, Gentlemen's Silk, Worsted, Woolen, Beaver and Buck Skin Gloves; black and white Pearling; Garniture; Ribbons; Belt Ribbons; Brown and Bleached Shirting and Sheeting; Cotton Bedticking; Ginghams; Stripes; &c.

ALSO

Floor and Stair Carpetings; Heart Rugs; Carpet and Red Binding; Table Covers; Floor Cloths; &c. Dutch Bolting Cloths, from No. 4 to 12, at Boston prices.

Oct. 26. is3w174.

BOY LOST.

ABOUT the middle of September, 1826, Joseph C. Mace, a blind man, of Berwick, Maine, came to my house in the evening, stating that he had been maltreated by his guide, and that he had left him to the mercies of strangers, and wanted me to take him in a few days, which I accordingly did; and after tarrying with me about a week, he earnestly entreated me to let my son *Hosea B. Bryant*, go and guide him to Lynn, Mass. and from Lynn to Berwick, Me. and from thence to my house in Salem, N. H. which would take the time of thirty days. After repeated solicitations I consented thereto. They both started for the proposed route, and as neither of them have been heard from by me since, there is good reason to believe that the said Mace is wheedling and enticing my son around the country with him now, showing a Bear, an India Monkey, a Hedgehog, &c. which is much against my will, and the interest of the boy.

The boy will be sixteen years old next January, rather small of his age, light complexion blue eyes, somewhat freckled, a pleasant countenance, &c. Said Mace is blind with both eyes, thirty eight years old, stout built, not very tall, quite dark complexion, a fair smooth spoken man, but I believe very deceitful. Therefore if any one who will be good enough to give me information of the boy, shall receive thanks of an anxious father; or give information of them both, so that the said Mace may be found and dealt with according to his deserts, shall receive a handsome reward, by

ANDREW BRYANT.

Salem, Oct. 18, 1827.

SALE AT AUCTION.

ON Tuesday the *thirteenth* day of *November* inst. at *eleven* o'clock in the *forenoon* at the store of Capt. ALFRED ANDREWS, in *Paris, SIX LIKELY COWS* and *ONE YOKE* of two years old *STEERS*—terms at sale.

Paris, Oct. 30. 2w

GREAT STOCK OF FALL GOODS!!!

G. C. LYFORD,
NO. 6, BOYD'S BUILDINGS, MIDELE-STREET,

HAS just received a very large assortment of Fresh Imported and Domestic Dry GOODS, purchased *as low* and will be sold *as cheap* as at any other store in the State. The following *GOODS* are part of his Stock, viz.

Black Figured and Plain Bombazetts—Plain Colored and Figured do.—Figured Salisbury Flannels—Rattinetts—Caroline Plaids and Stripes—Red, Green, Yellow, and White Flannels—Green Bockings—Tartan, Norwich and real Scotch Plaids—Real Goat's hair, imitation Goat's hair and common Camblets—colored Surges for Cloak Linings—Black, Blue and Brown Hair Plushes—Real Mareno, Brocade, English Crape and Valentia Red & White Shawls—Bor'd Cass' Shawls—Red & White Raw Silk and Valentia Mantles—Fine assortment of broad Black London Bombazines—Narrow Bombazines and Norwich Crapes for Mantles—300 pieces Dark and Light Calicoes from 1s to 2-6—50 pieces Copperplates and Furnitures—black and white Silk, and Black and Slate Worsted Hose for Ladies—Gentlemen's long and short Black and Mix't Worsted Hose—Gentlemen's real Buckskin, Norway Doe and Beaver Gloves—Ladie's black and white Silk, Paris Kid, common Kid, Beaver, wash Leather, Hareskin, Fleecy lined and Fur lined Gloves—double chain black Levantines—elegant striped Levantines—black Synchaw, Sarsnetts, Taffetas and Florence Silks—black and colored stout Gros de Naples Silks—figured, shaded and plaided Gros de Naples—Pink, Blue, White and Straw Florences—black and colored Canton Crapes—black, brown and slate Pangees—elegant figured Silk—Barage & Gauze Handkerchiefs—double ground black & white Lace Veils—4-4 & 5-4 Bobbinett Laces for Veils—great variety real Thread, Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces and Edgings—Plain and Figured Swiss Muslins—Plain and Figured Book Muslins—Jackanett and Mull Muslins—Plain, Figured, Cord'd and Check'd Cambricks—Linen Cambricks, and Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs—Common Cambrick Handk'fs, and Long Lawns—Gentlemen's White, Figured, Checked and Striped Cravats—Elegant Battist Cravats—Very Large and Fine Flag and Bandanna Handkerchiefs—Common Flag and Bandanna Handk'fs—black Silk Handkerchiefs—Irish Linens, all prices and qualities—6-4 7-4 8-4 and 10-4 Linen Damasks—Plaid Table Covers—Oil Cloths—Great variety Garniture, Belt, Cap and Lustring Ribbons—black and green Italian Crapes—Black and White Press'd Crapes—Green Gauze and Gauze Veils—Elegant Habit Buttons, Frogs and Cords—Gimps and Pipings—black and slate colored Cambrics—Elegant Battist and English Ginghams—silk and cotton Umbrellas—Factory Sheetings & Shirtings Bleached and Unbleached—Tickings—Checks—Ginghams—Pelisse Wadding—black and brown Linens—1400 lbs good Cotton Batting at 12 1-2 cents per pound—Sewing Thread, Silks Buttons, Paddings, and Buckrams—6-4 7-4 8-4 9-4 10-4 11-4 and 12-4 Gott's best Rose Blankets, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

A much larger assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres than he has ever had before, almost all new and fresh, and the greater part purchased entirely at Auction within the last fortnight, and will be sold BARGAINS! The cloths consists of Blue, Mixt, Olive, Brown Ladie's Habit Cloths—Blue and Colored Pelisse Cloths—Blue, Black, Olive, Brown and Mixt, Fine, Superfine and Extra Super **BROADCLOTHS**—Black, Blue, and Fancy Colored Cassimeres.—LIKEWISE, Elegant London Vestings—Tarbinett, Valentia, Swansdown, black Silk and black Velvet Vestings.

G. C. LYFORD

Will also receive in the course of a week, ONE CASE more of first quality LADIES LEGHORN BOLIVAR HATS—*very cheap!!*

Portland, October 5, 1827. 8w 171

WOOL FLANNELS.

WANTED by the subscriber a large quantity of *COUNTRY FLANNELS* (in the raw state) Fulled and Pressed Cloths, for which Goods will be given in exchange, at the lowest prices.

HENRY POOR.

FRESH FALL GOODS
(AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.)

HENRY POOR,
NO. 3, UNION ROW, MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND,

HAS just received for sale, a Choice and extensive Stock of Silk, Linen, Cotton and Woollen GOODS, consisting in part of Prints, Patches, Levantines; Gros de Naples, colored, slate, brown, &c.; Grecian Stripes and Dresses, a beautiful and new article; Caspian Stripes, an elegant article for Dresses; Crapes, Striped and Plaid Silks, &c. &c.

—*ALSO*—

Blues, Blacks, Olives, Drab, Claret, Oxford, Steel, Haresback and French Mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

Embracing a great variety of Colors and Qualities, which are selling, off exceedingly *CHEAP*, for Cash. Real Goat's hair *CAMBLETS*, Super Imitation Do. Common Camblets, at 2|6 the yard; Plaids; Bockings; Flannels; Hosiery; Gloves; Braces; Real Lion Skin Coatings; Daffills; Sattinetts; Tickings; Sheetings; Shirtings; Bleached and Sea Island Sheetings and Shirtings, &c. &c.

—*ALSO*—

Just received (of the present year's growth, and first rate quality,)

ONE TON

LIVE GEESE FEATHERS.
15 SACKS RUSSIA DO.
10 DO. COMMON DO.
ALL TO BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.

N. B. Ready made TICKS and BEDS filled at short notice. Prompt and particular attention given to Orders. Buyers will not find it amiss to call before they purchase. 171

CLOTH DRESSING,
IMPROVED.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their customers, and the public generally, that they have in operation a NEW AND *IMPROVED MACHINE*, for shearing Cloth—by which, it may be done in the best possible manner, and much superior to any other Machine in this State, (except *one* of like kind, there being only two in Maine.)—They therefore, with the greatest confidence, invite all persons who have cloth to dress, to call and examine their machine, and cloth which they have finished, and see for themselves, if it does not, on comparison, look *superior* to any they have before seen. They are determined to do all in their power to make their style of work, the permanency of their colors, and the terms of payment such "that none shall go away dissatisfied."

S. & A. MILLETT.

Norway Village, Aug. 14, 1827. tf 163

LADIES AND MISSES' SCHOOL.

Miss JONES proposes opening a School at Norway Village, for the instruction of young Ladies and Misses in the following branches of Education, viz.: Reading, Writing Arithmetic, Grammar, Orthography, Ancient and Modern Geography with the Maps, Ancient and Modern History, Composition, Rhetoric, Botany, and Astronomy; together with fine Needle-work, Lace-work, Embroidery, Projecting Maps, and Painting.

Terms for the different branches, from $2 to $2 50 cts.

School to commence the 12th of November next. A subscription paper is left at the Store of Mr. Jere. Mitchell.

Norway, October 13, 1827. 3w 170

NOTICE.
DR. NATHAN A. BRADBURY

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of *Woodstock* and vicinity, that he has taken rooms in the House of *Mr.* LUTHER WHITMAN, where he may be found by those who may need his professional services.

Woodstock, Oct. 23, 1827. 173

SALE AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of Samuel Allen in Hebron, on Monday the 12th instant at 10 o'clock A. M.

60 *Sheep;*
1 four year old *Colt;*
3 three year old do.;
1 two year old do.;
1 six months do.;
37 bushels of *Corn;*
A one horse Wagon and Harness;
3 bbls. of old Cider;
15 do. of new do.;

The same being property of the minor heirs of the late Christopher Allen.

☞Conditions of sale—all sums over $25 six months and one year's credit, all over $10 six months credit with good security, and all under $10 cash.

LEVI WHITMAN, *Guardian.*

Norway, Nov. 1, 1827. 2w 174

GOOD stout DOE SKIN MITTENS, at 50 cents per pair, *also good Doe Skin* GLOVES for sale by,

ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

Oct. 29.

WRAPPING PAPER, for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.* May 1

Poetry.

[FROM TH[E] VEBEC JOURNAL.]

[H]YMN.

Sung at the Dedi[cation] of Bethlehem church, in Augusta.

BY PITT DILLINGHAM, ESQ.

Great source of life, of joy, of love,
Who dwell'st enthron'd in light above!
Our kind protector, father, friend,
Before thy glorious throne we bend.

Wilt thou vouchsafe thy gracious ear
Thy servant's humble prayer to hear,
To bless this hour;—here may we raise
To thee unceasing hymns of praise;

Here may we our willing souls repair,
And join in piety and prayer;
Here, thy good spirit from above,
Shed heavenly peace and heavenly love.

Here, when dark storms of sorrow lower,
When earthly comforts no more,
May Bethlehem's star dispel the gloom,
And lead to joys beyond the tomb.

In this thy house may we receive
That hope and joy thou deign'st to give
To all who on thy goodness call,
Make thee their trust, their strength, their all

Here may our souls in rapture raise
The loud triumphant song of praise
To Him whose power o'er all extends,
Whose loving kindness never ends.

[FROM TH[E] LADELPHIA SOUVENIR.]

[T]HE HEART.

Cold is the [d]ogmatic rule that metes
Stern bounds of feelings to the heart,
Curbing with selfish fear its beats,
And from its dictate ne'er to part.

'Tis true, life's sad experience shows,
The heart we trust is oft a cheat;
And friendship's current seldom flows
Pure—uncommingled with deceit.

And yet to close the breast is doubt,
To live a being isolate—
Oh! 'tis to shut all pleasures out,
To nourish misanthropic hate:

To feel the heart's trust all consume,
Cold—cold and withering in the breast;
To make the living world a tomb,
By every quick'ning joy unblest.

To cause e'en Hope, the heart's last stay,—
Hope, oft midst desolation kind,
Flee, as life's parting breath away,
And leave a lifeless wreck behind.

Far happier he whose lot is cast
A lonely wretch on desert shore,
Who fondly dwells on friendships past,
And longs to greet his race once more.

And what are they whose foul deceit,
Thus chills the social feeling's glow;
The heart of those pure raptures cheat,
That from confiding friendship flow.

Those heart assassins!—feelings doom—
By art the inmost heart who gain;
And all its vital springs consume,
In morbid pangs of ling'ring pain.

From such my soul be thou remov'd,
Sever'd by Alps, and oceans wide;
Ne'er to communion be thou mov'd,
Or in their dwelling place abide.

SYDNEY.

Variety.

[FROM THE PITTSBURG MERCURY.]

THE BACHELOR AT A PARTY.

I was sitting the other evening in my arm chair, with my feet resting on the fire place, engaged in drawing figures in the ashes with the poker when I heard a loud rapping at my door. To be disturbed when I wish to be alone, is at all times unpleasant to me; but it was peculiarly so at that particular moment: for, comfortably fixed in the attitude I have described, my fancy was busily engaged in conjuring up evils which might possibly happen to me or to some of my friends, and in alloting to all a full share of the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to" In short, I was in a fair way of getting the *blues*, and was beginning to think that in a few minutes more I might claim the privilege of venting my ill humor on every thing that presented itself. It was, therefore, with a feeling of nervous irritability, that I walked to the door and hastily opened it—when who, of all men, should enter, but Dick Volatile! I could have slammed the door in his face—to be "galled and pestered with a popinjay" at such a moment was intolerable. However, I invited him in, and pointing to a chair, coldly asked him to sit down, whilst I fixed myself in my old position, and resumed my old employment.

"*Monstrous* polite to be sure, Mr. Oldstyle. You have been studying Chesterfield lately, I perceive, and really you progress charmingly. Pray, do you think the essence of good breeding consists in telling a gentleman who visits you, that there is a chair, and he may sit down in it if he chooses!"

"Pshaw," said I.

"There it is now—more politeness. Why in a little time you will be at the head of the *bon ton*. But let me see your face. Bless me what a *lack of daisical* look you have! If I had such a phiz, I would be a candidate to blow the bellows of a church organ—and would hope in a little time to be made a vestryman."

"Ah! you have a fine flow of spirits, Richard, and well you might—you have nothing to depress you. Six and thirty years have I—

"Six and thirty fiddlesticks!" said Dick, "Cheer up Ned—what's the matter, man? Why an't you dressed for the party?"

"Dressed—for the party"—I turned my eyes slowly towards him, and discovered for the first time, that he was in full dress. A blue coat, with shining gilt buttons, seemed as it were hung upon his shoulders—his shirt collar of dazzling whiteness, and well starched, towering high above his cravat on each side, and seemed emulous of meeting at the crown of his head—a profusion of ruffles graced his bosom—and when the eye rested on his silk stockings and shining pumps, it was impossible to deny, that Dick, for that evening at least, was an exquisite of the first water.

"Why, what in the name of all that's wonderful is the matter? Where are you going?" said I, aroused from my stupor, by the singularity of his appearance, a smile of contempt I fear, played upon my countenance.

"Going! why, with you to Mrs. K——'s party."

Wrapped in my meditations, I had forgotten that the charming Mrs. K—— had sent me a note in a pretty little cowquil kind of a hand, importing that she "would be very happy to have the pleasure of Mr. Oldstyle's company to tea this evening"—and it was not without a feeling of alarm, I recollected that the evening was far advanced, and that I had neither despatched an apology nor made arrangements for complying with the invitation. I was on the point of relapsing into the horrors, when my friend Dick obliged me to make an effort, and save my credit with the ladies. In a short time I was ready, and we sat off together.

"Now comes the tug of war," said Dick, as he deposited his hat *under* a table in the hall. Keep an eye on your hat, Oldstyle, yours is a pretty good one, and as the first rates are always dealt out first, you will lose yours if you should be late in leaving the ladies.—Come on—we must enter boldly—bow to your fair hostess—chat with the ladies—drink a cup of coffee—and then hey for the fiddle and the dance!"

In a moment we were in the midst of an assembly of all the wealth and beauty and fashion of the city. Dick bowed with a negligent air to the ladies—advanced to Mrs. K——, paid her a compliment, and paired off with a young lady to a snug corner of the room. But I—I was confounded—a sort of giddiness oppressed me, and dazzled my eyes—I could recognize no one, though I had many acquaintances near me. I bowed involuntarily, bowed, to all around me, and trembling with agitation, I approached Mrs. K. Smiling with satisfaction at the apparent pleasure of every one, she kindly welcomed me, and introducing me to two young beauties who sat next to her, glided out of the room. Behold me, reader, in a pitiable situation! I had not a word to say—all my powers of conversation had deserted me in my utmost need—and for the soul of me I did not know what to do. To retreat would be disgraceful, to remain without speaking a word would be ridiculous. In short I would have given the world to have been in the entry where my hat was, but to get off honorably was impossible. I determined to say something. Bowing to one of the ladies,

"Pythagoras, madam," said I—"holds that"

"Sir!"—

"I was saying—Humph—I was saying—Miss—that—a—that—that this is a very pleasant party.—

"Very pleasant, sir."

"Every body seems to be gratified."

"Yes, sir."

Anxious to continue the conversation, I blundered on—"The company, too, is very agreeable."—"To this there was no answer—and determined not to hazard another remark, I bowed to Miss Angelina Serephina Cherubina short—and left her. But where to go next, what to do with myself, was the next question. Ah! Edward Oldstyle, thought I, if you were once cleverly out of this scrape, all the ladies in the world would not get you into such another. However, why should you care for the forward little chits, whispered Pride—Dash in amongst them—Hem!—there was danger in that—I recollected the foolish situation I had been placed in a moment before, and a shivering came over me, as I thought of the possibility of being placed in such a situation again. So I sneaked into a corner, and sat down, till the dancing would commence. Then I hoped the music would enliven me—and I could muster sufficient resolution to get along creditably.

At last the dancing did commence—and every body seemed pleased; but so was not I—I sat still—and it was impossible for me to doubt that every smile was intended for a sneer at my awkardness and want of gallantry—and for some minutes I suffered a sort of martyrdom. I was like Falstaff and they were like the faries dancing around me. Every glance was torment—every word despair!—Ah!—how often did I sigh for that comfortable position and amusing employment in which Dick had surprised me—Instead of sitting in my study, with the poker in my hand, sketching figures in the ashes—I was at a large party—sitting like a ninny in the corner—and twisting my pocket handkerchief into every form and shape.

The first dance was finished—and a new set was forming. With a sort of dogged resolution—I rushed into the middle of the room—My eye chanced to fall upon a young lady to whom I had once bowed in the street. With a faltering voice, I ventured to ask her if I might have the pleasure of dancing with her.

"Certainly."

This was encouraging. "Which is your favorite figure, Miss?"

"Speed the plough."

"*Speed* the *plough*," thought I; she is quizzing my awkwardness too—she thinks I am fresh from the *plough*—and she wishes me to *speed* my way out of her sight. I was a little nettled, and did not speak again for a minute. At length I thought it necessary to say something; but what could I say?—(A long pause)—

"Pray Miss, have you read Scott's last novel?"

"Yes Sir."

(Another long pause.) I determined to assume impudence, if I had it not. I thrust my hands into my pantaloons pocket, threw my eyes up to the ceiling, and patted my foot on the floor." "Confound the fiddler, when will he begin," I exclaimed mentally. A smile from my partner, and a general titter through the room attracted my attention. I involuntarily cast my eyes towards my hands, when I discovered that, in thrusting my hands into my pocket ***** a treacherous button ******** This was too much, I bowed to my partner and without handing her to her seat, rushed out of the house.

I have never been at a party since.—My timidity seems to be unconquerable, and I fear that I am doomed to drag out the remainder of a cheerless existence unblessed by the smiles of those whose favors I would give the world to gain.

E.

STATE OF MAINE.

In the year of our LORD *one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.*

AN ACT authorizing John Wood to maintain a dam and slip in Little Keizer River.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature Assembled*, That JOHN WOOD of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford, be, and hereby is authorized to maintain and keep in repair a dam now erecting, and owned by him, in and across Little Keizer River, so called, a stream which emptias into the Saco River, in the said town of Fryeburg, for the purpose of raising water for the more conveniently transporting such logs or timber as the owner or owners thereof may be desirous to convey through said Little Keizer River to the Saco River, provided the said John Wood shall make and keep in good and constant repair, a good and sufficient sluice-way or slip, thro' the dam aforesaid, and open the same at all such times as the owners of any logs or timber may require for the passage of their timber through the same, without any unreasonable delay.

SECTION 2. *Be it further enacted*, That, for the purpose of indemnifying the said John Wood for keeping said works in repair, and constantly opening the slip when required, he shall receive a toll of four cents per thousand feet, for all logs and timber passing thro' the same; the quantity to be estimated according to the survey thereof. And the powers and privileges granted by this Act shall continue and be in force for the term of twenty years from the passing thereof.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN SENATE, FEBRUARY 5, 1827.

Ordered, That John Wood cause an attested copy of the aforesaid Bill, with this Order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in some Newspaper printed in the County of Oxford, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the first day of the first session of the next Legislature, that all persons interested may then and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why the Bill aforesaid should not become a law of the State. Read and passed.

Sent down for concurrence.

ROBERT P. DUNLAP, *Prest. House of Representatives, Febr'y* 5, 1827.

Read and concurred,

JOHN RUGGLES, *Speaker.*

A true Copy of the Bill aforesaid and Order thereon: Attest,

E. HUTCHINSON, *Secretary of the Senate.*

*3173

DO YOU WANT TO BE SHAVED!!

FOR sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, **RAZORS**, from **25** Cents to **2** Dollars each, warranted to be good, or good for nothing, at the option of the purchaser.

ALSO—*RITTERS* and *POMROY'S* superior Razor *STRAPS*.——☞Good shaving *SOAP, BOXES and BRUSHES.* Oct. 23.

Just received and for sale at the

OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

Grenville's Chemical Ink Powder,

For the immediate production of permanent

BLACK INK.

THAT this Ink is superior to any thing of the kind, heretofore offered to the public, will appear from the following considerations:

It produces a beautifully jet black ink, immediately. It flows smoothly from the pen; continues the mark *from a large to a hair stroke* and will not yield to *any chemical action* which does not destroy the paper. It is *entirely soluble*, and is therefore free from the viscous sediment invariably found in every other kind of ink As a *durable thin uniform* liquid it has been preferred, by all who have made trial of it, to any other ink in use.

October, 13.

JUST Published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, AN

APOLOGY

FOR BELIEVING IN

UNIVERSAL RECONCILIATION:

Or an Appeal from the Inferior Court of Bigotry, Superstition, Ignorance and Unbelief, to the Supreme Court of Proper Candor, Sound Reason, Good Understanding, and True Faith. Also, a Key to the Book of Revelation, with short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

Sept. 27.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE....Carthage.

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors and owners of Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of Carthage, lately called Plantation Number Four. That the same are Taxed in the Bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage, for the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, in the respective sums following, viz.:

Names of Proprietors when known.	*No. of Lot.*	*Range.*	*No. of Acs.*	*Value in Dollars.*	*Tax total.*
					$ cts.
Joseph Holland,	2	13	160	80	65
Wheeler & Churchill,	5	15	160	80	65
Unknown,	3	9	160	80	65
Amos Knight,	7	14	218	109	88
C. Stanwood,	8	12	160	120	98

The said Collector will proceed according to law, to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the dwelling-house of John Storer, Esq. in said Carthage, on the fifth day of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon so much of the said Lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said Taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said Taxes and Charges.

WILLIAM WINTER, *Collector as aforesaid.*

Carthage, October 8, 1827. 172

To School Committees & Teachers.

NEW AND VALUABLE CLASS-BOOK.

JUST published by *GLAZIER & CO.*, and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*,—*THE PRIMARY CLASS BOOK*; a selection of easy lessons in reading, for the younger classes in common schools. By THOMAS J. LEE, compiler of "a Spelling-Book containing the rudiments of the English Language."

PREFACE.

"This little book, as the title imports, is designed to be used in common schools, immediately after or in connexion with the spelling-book; and, accordingly, the lessons are such as may be interesting and instructive to children.

"A few of the most important emphatic words are printed in Italics. Some words which are often incorrectly pronounced, are marked with accents, according to a key placed at the beginning of the book, so as accurately to convey the sounds. In a few instances a different spelling is given at the bottom of the page for the same purpose. The paragraphs are broken into short portions and numbered, to render it more convenient for reading in classes.

"For a more particular character of the book the compiler refers to the work itself; being aware that the public will judge of a book according to their own opinion of its merits, and not by what the author says of it.

"Winthrop, Sept. 1827."

This Book is well printed, on a *new* type and *fine* paper, *sewed* and bound with *pasteboard* and contains 180 pages 18mo. Price 25 cents single, $2 per. doz.

—*ALSO*—

JUST published by *DORR & HOWLAND* of Worcester, and for sale in any quantity *at the Oxford Bookstore.*—The 3d edition of the

COLUMBIAN CLASS-BOOK;

consisting of Geographical, Historical and Biographical Extracts, compiled from authentic sources, and arranged on a plan different from any thing before offered to the public. Particularly designed for the use of schools. *By* A. T. LOWE, M. D.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. of the Theological Seminary, Andover.

"*Dear Sir*,—I have attentively examined the Columbian Class-*Book*, and am well satisfied that the plan is judicious and well executed, and that a school book, containing such a variety of useful information, exhibited in so interesting a form, will be an addition to the advantages already enjoyed by American youth. Should you proceed to publish the book, as I hope you will, I should have no doubt of its gaining, in due time, an extensive patronage among the Instructors and friends of the rising generation. With the sincerest wishes for your success in this effort to promote the education of our youth, I am, dear sir, yours, very respectfully,

LEONARD WOODS.

"Andover, July 5, 1824.

"*Dr. A. T. Lowe.*"

From the Rev. Ezekiel L. Bascom, A. M.

"I have had the satisfaction of casting my eye over the Columbian Class-*Book*, compiled by Dr. Lowe. The plan appears to me entirely *new*, and presents a course of reading which must be highly interesting as well as instructive. I am much pleased both with the design and execution of the work, and, while I give it my cordial approbation, I confidently recommend it to the public as a book calculated to convey much useful information, refined amusement and important instruction. EZEKIEL L. *BASCOM.*

"Ashby, June 15, 1824."

From the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D.

"Worcester, June 23, 1824.

"*Dear Sir*,—I have given your manuscript as much attention, as the time and my interruption by company would permit. The plan, I think must be good. There seems to be a variety in the articles, most of the pieces are in themselves important, and are calculated to attract the attention of youth and give them useful information. With considerations, &c. your humble servant,

A. BANCROFT.

"Dr. Lowe."

From the Rev. George Perkins A. M.

"*Dear Sir*,—Having attentively examined the plan of your Columbian Class-Book; and cursorily perused several chapters, I heartily approve of the work, and fully concur in the foregoing recommendations. Very respectfully yours, &c. GEO. PERKINS.

"Ashburnham, July 26, 1824."

The Columbian Class-Book is *handsomely printed and well bound*—contains 354 pages, 12mo. with *plates*, and is sold at the low price of 75 cents single and $7,50 per doz.

October 10.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of WASHBURN & WILLIAMS, is this day by mutual consent, dissolved. All persons indebted to said firm are respectfully invited to make immediate payment; and it is hoped that this friendly notice will save us the trouble of resorting to a more efficient course in order to collect our dues. Debts contracted at the store in Dixfield may be settled with Mr. Williams, and debts contracted at the Store in Livermore, with the other partner.

DAVIS WASHBURN,
J. M. WILLIAMS.

October 3, 1827. 6w 171

Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE—

No. 10, *Long Wharf*,

PORTLAND.

AGENT for the State of Maine, for the sale of PATENT CORDAGE, made by Robbins, of Plymouth. Also CUT NAILS and BRADS of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. DUCK of various prices, *ANCHORS*, and *CHAIN CABLES.*

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.

Portland, Aug. 14, 1827. 1y 163

HOUSE & LAND.

FOR sale by the subscriber, a good Two-Story Dwelling HOUSE, partly finished, with Land sufficient for a good garden. Also a good new SAWMILL, well built, and situated on the Steep Falls, so called, where there is a good chance for timber, and a sufficiency of water for nearly the whole season. There is likewise a good privilege for the erection of almost any kind of machinery which requires water power.—Also a number of eligible house lots on each side of the road, which are well situated, and inferior to none in the vicinity for pleasantness of situation and goodness of soil.

The above will be sold at a cheap rate, & the terms of payment will be such that almost any person can purchase it, who has any desire for property of this kind.

☞For further information please inquire of the subscriber, living on the premises.

BAILEY BODWELL.

Sept. 7, 1827. tf 167

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine.

THE subscribers beg leave respectfully to represent that they with others, were incorporated into a company by the name of "The Proprietors of the Moose Brook Canal," on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our LORD one thousand eight hundred and seven for the purpose of transporting lumber and other commodities from the Moose Pond in Denmark in the County of Oxford, through the outlet of said Pond into Saco River; that by said Act of incorporation one cent for each Mill log was allowed to Cyrus Ingalls Esq. one of said Proprietors, for the passage of such logs through the slip in said Ingalls' Mill dam—that within five years last past the said Ingalls has sold out his said dam and slip to Joshua B. and James Osgood, who utterly refuse to suffer the logs from said Moose Pond to pass through the said slip without an exorbitant and unreasonable toll or compensation therefor, and thereby depriving the Proprietors aforesaid of any advantage or benefit to be derived from the Canal aforesaid, and also decreasing the value of timber coming down said pond. Your petitioners therefore pray that the course of their said Canal may be extended above the dam and slip of the said Osgoods, under such regulations as to justice and right may appertain; and as in duty bound will ever pray.

ELIAS BERRY, and 5 others.

Denmark, January 8, 1827.

STATE OF MAINE.

IN SENATE, FEBRUARY, 13th, 1827.

On the petition aforesaid, *Ordered*, that the petitioners cause, an attested copy of their petition, with this order thereon, to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, a newspaper printed in Norway, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days, at least, before the first Wednesday of the first Session of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear, and shew cause, (if any they have,) why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Read and Passed.

Sent down for concurrence,

ROBERT P. DUNLAP, *President.*

In the House of Representatives, Feb. 14, 1827.

Read and concurred,

JOHN RUGGLES, *Speaker.*

A true Copy of the foregoing petition and Order thereon, Attest,

EBENEZER HUTCHINSON, *Sec'y of the Senate.*

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